HUERFANO BILL, THE BANDIT. X)0000000000000000000000000(X

(Copyright, 1896, by S. S. McClure Co. The roar and rumble of distant thun- happy.

The roar and rumble of distant thunder had been heard in the hills all morning, and along about noon a big black about came creeping up over the crest of the continent, listed a little, when a peak of one of the hills caught the lower corner, ripped it open and let the water out. It didn't rain; the water simply fell out of the cloud, and went rushing down the side of the mountain as it rushes off the roaf of a house in a hard April shower.

The little fissures were filled first, then the gorges, guilles and rought ravine, and when these empiled into the countless riks that ran away toward the foot of the range, every rill became a rushing river. Leaves and brush and fallen trees were borne away on the breast of the flood that grew in volume and increased in speed alarmingly. When all this water came rushing down into the main canyon the song of the stream that rippled there was hushed, the bed of the crew was filled with big bouiders that had been rolled down by the flood, and a great river went roaring alown toward the plain. Up through this had been rolled down by the flood, and a great river went roaring alown toward the plain. Up through this had been rolled down by the flood, and a great river went roaring alown toward the plain. Up through the flood, and a great river went roaring alown toward the plain. Up through the flood, and a great river went roaring alown toward the plain. Up through the flood, and a great river went roaring alown toward the plain. Up through the flood, and a great river went roaring alown toward the road ran to Sitver Cliff. Silver Cliff. S

cent of summer. The hills were green end his heart was glad. But his heart was not in the hills. That very Sunday morning he had given it into the keeping of the warden's daughter as they waked without the walls of the gray prison down by the junction. Almost within hearing of the townspeople who passed up and down, to and from the mineral springs that gushed from the rocks at the entrance to the great canyon, he had told her the secret of his heart. The color, coming to her face the while she heard the tale, told him that she was listening. When they had come to the corner of the wall, one step beyond which would bring them into full view of the warden's residence, he had pressed her for an answer. She could find no voice to answer, but put out her hand, as if she would say good-bye. He took it to answer, but put out her hand, as if she would say good-bye. He took it and the touch of it told him all he wished to know. Now he grew so giad thinking it all over, that he chasped his hands together, as a girl would do, and the rifle, slipping from his lap, shot down into the river that ran beside the track. The door at his back, and next the canyon wall, was closed and barred. The outposite door, overlooking the little river, was thrown wide open, and to the messenger sitting there, came the splash of water and the smell of pine.

He remembered that the agent, running alougside of his car as he was leaving the junction, had pointed to the iron safe and said: "Keep your eye on the run." The little safe held \$40,000 in paper, and over in one corner of the

iron safe and suid: "Keep your ere on the gun." The little safe held \$40,000 in paper, and over in one corner of the car, in an old clay-stained ore sack, were \$10,000 in gold.

We were cutting across a little piece of high ground in the bend of the river when the awfal flood burst forth from the marrow canyon just in front of us. The engineer's first thought wan to back down and run away from the flood, but the recollection that a double-headed freight train was following us. headed freight train was rollowing us caused him to change his mind. The trainmen hurried the passengers all out, the messenger carried the mail and express matter to a safe place and exercion gazed in wonderment while the roccing flood went by. The main force of it, following the bed of the creek, hunged the opposite hill, but none of our party was jealous. Broad none of our party was jealous. Broad as the valley was here, it was soon as the valley was here, it was soon afted and the water rose high enough to fleat the rear coach, but the engine, being on higher ground, acted as an anchor and held the train, in less than five minutes the water had swent around and carried away the bridge which we had just crossed and there we were, on about three hundred vards of track, and nothing before or behind the

The freight train, having a clear track, backed away to the junction, told the story of our distress and at raidulent the company agent came to raidulent the company agent came to the top of the canyon with a white. He'nt, and in a little while we were all taken on, and after tramping ever a mountain trail Nor a half hour, loaded into wagons and hau ed back to the junction.

"Let's have a drink afore we go." Nary drink," said the dark man at the head of the table, and one could see at a giance that wherever he sat sould be the head of the table. "You accurate me up in the gulch that day that you'd never get drunk again, an'!

promise you right now, skinny, that if you do you'll never get sober, for I in-tend to have you shot while you're hanny."

A Moment lairer Re Leaned Over a Precipice and West Rutting Down State of the Part State of the Spitzered Side of a Deep discrepancy of the Spitzered Side of the Spitzered Side

th leader and started to laugh, but the dark man scowled and crushed him. He knew the country and knew that the road had been there, but was now washed away. A little way up the canyon they came to the torn end of the track and knew for a surety that to train would come up the gulch that

thay.

The silent leader made no show of disappointment, but quietly dismissed his men and watched them ride away that their broad states. his men and watched them ride away toward the sunsel, with their broad hats tipped sidewise, and their ever ready rifles resting across their saddles. For himself he would have no rifle "Only a coward or burglar," he used to say, "will carry a cannon to do the work of a forty-five."

When the others had passed out of sight the dark man reined his awn horse down the canyon, intending, since he was so near to visit his wife at the junction. The recent washout had left the bed of the gulch almost impassa-ble, and it was not until after midnight that the lone traveler came to the ablandoned train, laying, like a living thing that had fallen asleep on its own thing that had fallen asleep on its own trail. Finding the express car locked he opened one of the doors with the coal pick which he found on the engine. The little iron safe was securely locked. Having removed all the explosives from the car this experienced mountaineer quietly blew up the safe with a few sticks of dynamics, but there was no money in it. By the light of the engineer's torch he managed to read a letter that had been left there by the messenger, and which was addressed to the express agent. As the

four, including himself, and put out for the first time stene of the robbery. They were among the first to leave lown, and as they all knew the country, were soon upon the ground where the open and empty safe left little to be explained. The safe, they argued, had been follown by the messenger for a blind, but they would not be fooled.

The messenger, it would seem, had remained in the vicinity of the washout until the train was abandoned, and then set out upon a long trainp through the trackless hills. He knew the packages that were most valuable, and with these he filled his pockets. The gold he must leave, for the journey would be messenger's to leave town, and now if you happen to hop the messenger of the deputies, and immediately both men opened fire. Now are five pieces."

The messenger for the first time street was by no came from the safe, they argued had been follown to the safe that were most valuable, and with these he filled his pockets. The gold he must leave, for the journey would be



"A Moment Later He Leaped Over a Precipice and Went Rolling Down the Splintered Side of a Deep Gorge'



"In an Instant He Rose to His Knees and Began Again to Use His Gun."

with the first move of his body the four

The messenger sank to a sitting pos-

"My, but these fellows did fight wicked," the mescapeer wicked, the mescenger remarked, as he picked up his empty gun and began to kick the shell out. "Hope that was old Huerfano himself that went over the bluff."

"The devil you do."

"Say! are you bleeding inside?" ask-ed the messenger as his companion sank to the ground, with the sir of a tired man

"I reckon so. Can you get a hoss?"
"No," said the messenger, "but if "No," said tie messenger, "but if you've got a horse, for heaven's sake take this money and go, for those woives will return, and I'd rather they'd get me without the money than the money without me, or, what is more likely now, both of us and the

money, too"

The dark man put two fingers to his lips, gave a shrill, wild whistle, and a beautiful horse—black as night—came leaping up from the gulch behind him.

"My! but you're a verdant youth," said the dark man as the messenger offered him the money, and there was a shade of a smile about his black mustache. "Come, let me help you litto the saddle while I've got the strength. Be quick," and he reached to help the messenger to rise.

"I shall never leave you here alone—"
"Why don't you thank him?"
"How can I?" she asked, turning to the stranger and offering the gloved hand.
"Take this package to Mrs. Monaro in the white cottage on the river, down by the smelter—she's my wife; you'll debt and remain so, so long as I am dead. Now take this gun and protect that boy—they won't fire on you and I don't care to kill anybody else, now that I'm already overdue in another world."

She took the gun mechanically and

"I'll be dead in twenty minutes— thirty at the outside. Now don't be a fool," and he stooped to lift the big messenger by his wounded leg, but the

rect pass. Her horse was white with foam. Her vell had been torn away and her face was bleeding from many wounds inflicted by the stiff branches of the spreading cedars. At times she actually cried out to God to guide her to her lover, whom she believed to be innocent. At last she found the trail made by the sheriff's posse as they came down the gulch, but a moment later her heart sank as she heard the rattle of horsemen behind her. Presently she came to the dead deputy and his horse, but the sight did not appail her. Nothing could stop her now. Even in the presence of these silent witnesses—the horse and rider slain by the messenger—she was able actually cried out to God to guide her slain by the messenger—she was able still to believe in his innocence. Such is the capacity of a woman's love. Now a new trouble confronted her. Her horse refused to pass the dead. In vain she urged, coaxed and whipped him; he would only snort and turn away. Nearer and nearer came the crowd of man-hunters behind her. At crowd of man-hunners behind her. At last, having given up all hope of getting her horse beyond the ghastly dead, she leaped to the ground and continued on foot. The horse, having been trained to follow her as a faithful dog follows his master, leaped the corpse of his brother, and galloped to his mistress. It required but a moment for her to remount, and when she reached the top of the narrow canyon she turned to look behind her. The little guich, was filled with a The little guich, was filled with a stream of horsemen and at the head of the column rode her father, followed by the mounted guard from the pentientlary. From the mouth of the penitentiary. From the mouth of the gulch a straggling and broken line of horsemen reached down to the stage road, and the stage road was fined with wagons and boys on the burros, while out of the town and over the valley.

Yale Beauty



Grandmothers

Increase your beauty and renew your outh with Mrs Yele's Scientific Complex

of Honor Awarded

Mme. M. Vale's Toilet Preparations

"Are you mad?" shouted the war-

'Drop that gun," cried a sheriff with

his left arm in a sing.

The messenger utterly unable to undersand what the row was all about, attempted to rise, and in his excitement stood on his broken ankle and the

that boy-they won't fire on you and I don't care to kill anybody else, now that I'm already overdue in another world."

the canyon.

"Look after the boy," said the dark man, and the warden's daughter dropped the ugly weapon and lifted her lover's head from the ground.
"Drop that gun." repeated the sheriff. A cowboy shied a rope at the dark man, but he dodged it.
"One minute," said he, opening his shirt, and showing his death wounds.
"you'll have no trouble arresting me."
"Where's the murderer?" shouted an excited citizen.

excited citizen. There's the chief," said the dark

, pointing to the wounded sheriff. sheriff scowled.

'Is the express agent here?' asked

the principal speaker, and a fat man with a red face came forward.
"This messenger is innocent. I mean to kill the first man who offers to lay state of the control of the a hand on him; after that you must protect him. This letter, which I have taken the liberty to open, explains it all. The sack of gold he left in the tank you'll find where I cached it in tonk you'll find where I cached it in the river opposite the engine. The paper, I surpose, is all there by his side. He was afraid of being robbed, and was trying to reach the junction when he was assaulted by these fallots whom he mistook for robbers, and how well he fought, his own wounds and the dead man down in the gulch will show you."

The messenger, having regained contributes and the properties and the same and the properties and all kinds skin; it permanently removes and curies moth patches, and all kinds skin discolorations.

YALE'S EAST LASH and EYE-BROW GROWER makes thick, long lashes, and luxuriant eye-brows. Wonderful, \$1.00 per jair.

sciousness sat up and looked wildly about. The agent realizing at a glance what an awful mistake had glance what an awful mistake had been made, fell upon the bewildered messenger and wept like a woman. Every passing second added to the general confusion and excitement. Cries of "Hang them, hang them." came frequently and fast from the rapidly increasing crowd.

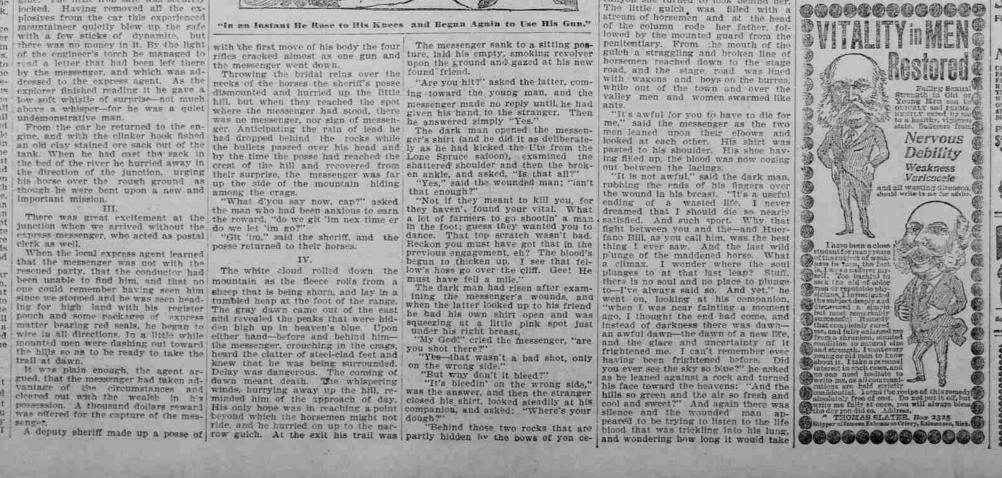
The warden, who also understood, lifted his daughter, held her in his arms, and kissed away the tears that were filtering through her smiles.

"I don't believe it," said the sheriff to his companions.

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YALE'S COMPLEXION REFACH—A perfect cleanser of the skin; it permanently removes and cures moth patchsullowness leaden hugs exceptive red-

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"What's it all about?" asked the messenger of the agent.

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"What's it all about?" asked the messenger, he ran straight toward him, holding out a cocked revolver as though it had been a sword with which he intended to run him through. When he was within four or five feet of the wounded man, the dark man struck him a fearful blow with a 45. The man went down, the dark man coughed and a great flood of blood gushed from his mouth, he clutched at his throat and fell forward upon his face.

When they turned him over he was dead.

"My poor dead friend" the messen, that you cannot find them, send dead.

"My poor dead friend" the messen, that you cannot find them, send dead.

"My poor dead friend" the messen, that you cannot find them, send direct to kime. Yele and she will send them to you by express the same day that your order is received.

Tell forward upon his face.

When they turned him over he was dead.

"My poor dead friend," the messenger almost moaned, dragging himself toward the prosinte form, "and I don't even know his name."

"I do," said Sheriff Shores, who had just arrived upon the scene and pushed himself through the crowd. "It's Huerfano Bill, the bandit."

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MME. M. YALE, Temple of Beauty, Chimself through the crowd. "It's Huerfano Bill, the bandit."

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